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MAGAZINE

# MISSING JULIAN

A MOTHER'S SEARCH  
FOR HER SON



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**O.J. SIMPSON**  
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JOUR 19	<b>Contemporary News Media</b>			
MWF	9:00-10:00 am	Ocean	Gonzales	
T	6:30-9:30 pm	Mission	Graham	
JOUR 21	<b>News Writing and Reporting</b>			
MWF	10:00-11:00 am	Ocean	Gonzales	
T	6:30-9:30 pm	Mission	Rochmis	
JOUR 22	<b>Feature Writing</b>			
W	6:30-9:30 pm	Mission	Graham	
R	6:30-9:30 pm	Mission	Rochmis	
JOUR 23	<b>Electronic Copy Editing</b>			
W	6:30-9:30 pm	Mission	Rochmis	
JOUR 24	<b>Newspaper Laboratory</b>			
MWF	12:00-1:00 pm	Ocean	Gonzales	
	Plus 4 hours lab by arrangement			
JOUR 25	<b>Editorial Management</b>			
MWF	1:00-2:00 pm	Ocean	Gonzales	
JOUR 29	<b>Magazine Editing &amp; Production</b>			
M	6:30-8:30 pm	Mission	Graham	
	Plus 3 hours lab by arrangement			
JOUR 31	<b>Internship Experience</b>			
	Hours by arrangement	Ocean	Gonzales	
JOUR 37	<b>Intro to Photojournalism</b>			
W	6:30-9:30 pm	Mission	Lifland	
JOUR 38	<b>Intermediate Photojournalism</b>			
R	6:30-9:30 pm	Mission	Lifland	

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# etc. magazine

This magazine is written, edited, designed, and produced by journalism students at City College of San Francisco.

## { letters to the editor }

### Mucho Kudos

**Editor:** Wow what a great issue of Etc. — very professional. Congratulations on a job well done.

*Patricia Arack, City Currents Editor*

**Editor:** I've heard nothing but raves. I probably received half-a-dozen emails and phone messages. I have about 20 copies and, when time allows, I plan to send them to friends on two continents. My dear, you should get an award, but I am biased after all.

*Ms. Bob Davis, Music instructor*

**Editor:** Just a quick note to say how much I enjoy your fine magazine and the informative, enlightening, and fascinating stories you provide. The photography, writing, and content are top notch and the topics are so varied and interesting that when I bring copies to my English classes, students always learn something new and find favorite articles to discuss.

The most recent issue with the stories about Seth Harwood, Ms. Bob, and Teddy (Dana and Ted's son) was really great. I work with Seth, Ms. Bob, and Dana and gained even more appreciation for them after reading about their dedication and determination, not only here at the college, but in their personal lives.

Thank you for your fine work and for bringing us a publication that is fresh, original, and beautifully put together.

*Carol Fregly, English instructor*

**Editor:** Great edition. Thoughtful and inspirational. I enjoyed every article, but as a former Marine I really felt what [Dylan Gunther] wrote. Keep up the good work and kudos to your entire staff.

*Fred Chavaria, Dept. Chair  
Adm. of Justice & Fire Scienceo*



Photograph by Susan Boeckmann

**MICHAEL CONDIFF, MOLLY OLESON AND DYLAN GUNTER** practically swept the feature writing awards at the Journalism Association of Community Colleges conference in April.

### { note from the editor }

#### What's inside counts...

This issue offers a series of contrasts. From the desolate setting of a prison in Lovelock, Nevada to the colorful streets of San Francisco, from the flooded cities of the Philippines to the humid barrios of Cuba.

Two former professional football stars, both City College alums, have taken different paths. One, a hero on-and-off the field who dedicated his life to family and community, now has Alzheimer's disease. The other, a convicted felon, spun out of control -- his early accomplishments now shaded behind bars.

A woman struggles in Cuba to raise a grandson after her daughter dies giving birth, while psychologists, lawyers and scientists pursue higher education at City College.

A photographer documents the damage to his hometown in the Philippines after a natural disaster while a mother shares her heartache after becoming a victim to a "silent disaster" -- the disappearance of her son.

A student with an ankle monitor copes with being confined to her house, while City's "Asphalt Junkie" walks every street in San Francisco.

This issue brings together stories that represent the essence of humanity -- the struggle to survive, the struggle to succeed and the struggle to love.

*The editor*

# { etc. magazine }

## *Editor:*

MOLLY OLESON  
[moleson3@hotmail.co](mailto:moleson3@hotmail.co)

## *Managing Editor*

DYLAN GUNTHER  
[dylangunther@gmail.com](mailto:dylangunther@gmail.com)

## *Assistant Managing Editor & Photo Editor*

SUSAN BOECKMANN  
[susan.boeckmann@yahoo.com](mailto:susan.boeckmann@yahoo.com)

## *Chief Copy Editor*

RAEN PAYNE  
[raenpayne@gmail.com](mailto:raenpayne@gmail.com)

## *Design Director*

MARI COLLINS  
[maricollins@gmail.com](mailto:maricollins@gmail.com)

## *Production Manager*

SHIRLEY EDWARDS  
[shirley@upbeet.net](mailto:shirley@upbeet.net)

## *Writers*

DAN BENBOW, DON CADORA, CANDACE HANSEN, YONI KLEIN,  
HANS MEYER, MOLLY OLESON, RICHARD OLROS, KARIM  
QUESADA-KHOURY, MELANIE ROBINSON, MIRIAM VRAKOVA

## *Photographers*

SUSAN BOECKMANN, DENNIS CHAN, ZACHARY HUDSON, YONI  
KLEIN, MARKGIL MARCAIDA, DESIRE MONTANO, CARLOS SILVA,  
ANICA SOLIS, JOHN STRANGE

## *Designers*

OPHELIA CHEUNG, MARI COLLINS, MARIT PIROMTHAMSIR

## *Advisor*

TOM GRAHAM  
[tg\\_journalist@comcast.net](mailto:tg_journalist@comcast.net)

**Cover:** CANDACE HANSEN, PHOTOGRAPHED ON THE Mission Campus, last saw her 19-year-old son in October 2002. She's searched all over, but to this day does not know what became of him.

COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY YONI KLEIN

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**Back Cover:** IT TOOK JOURNALISM INSTRUCTOR TOM Graham seven years to walk every street in San Francisco. Seen here on Twin Peaks, he also hiked to the top of each of the city's hills.

BACK COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY MOLLY OLESON



ON A COOL NIGHT, DULCE GARCIA Galup pushes her grandson R Kelly down the street in Matanzas, Cuba. She's raising the boy alone after his mother died in childbirth about two years ago

PHOTOGRAPH BY YONI KLEIN



# PORTRAIT OF THE PHILIPPINES AFTER THE TYPHOOONS

STORY AND PHOTOS BY DENNIS CHAN

On Sept. 26, 2009, Typhoon Ketsana hit the Philippines. During a 24-hour period, the Category 2 storm dropped nearly 18 inches of rain on Metro Manila, four hours north of Luzon, my hometown.

Record flooding occurred and homes were washed away. Thousands of people were stranded on rooftops, and trapped inside their cars and homes. Damages reached \$100 million. More than 360 people were killed.

I learned of the disaster the next day from several Filipino co-workers at the San Francisco International Airport, where I have worked for four years as a customer service agent for British

Airways.

Chip Childers, a friend of mine in the Philippines, shot two videos of the aftermath of Ketsana and posted them on his Facebook page. They showed the damage that occurred to our friend's house in Pasig City east of Manila.

I saw the devastation and was shocked.

As the waters kept rising, I realized a lot of many lives were in danger.

I couldn't sleep at night. I couldn't stop thinking about how fragile life is. It made me feel I needed to return home to help. I asked co-workers to donate money and filled three big cardboard boxes with clothes for the victims.

Within a week, I was on a Japan Airlines flight to Manila.



OPPOSITE PAGE: TYPHOON KETSANA VICTIMS SCAVENGE through the debris.

When I landed at Ninoy Aquino International Airport, I expected chaos. But it was business as usual. My friend Gary Llanes picked me up at the airport and we drove to his house in Mandaluyong, a half-hour from Manila.

At 6 p.m., the roads, normally crowded with cars and pedestrians, were quiet. There was no traffic. Some neighborhoods were dark from power outages.

We stopped for dinner at Inasal Chicken, a fast food restaurant, and made plans to drive Pasig City the next morning to help clean up our friend, Jay De Leon, clean up his place. We brought cleaning supplies because we had already seen the damage to his house on the Facebook videos.

As we drove to Pasig City, our 4x4 Mitsubishi Pajero waded through streets that were knee-deep in water. Some of the roads were inaccessible and we had to navigate our way around the flooding. Everything was covered in mud. Cars, furniture and garbage scattered everywhere.

When we arrived, the place was a mess.

We were told the water had risen 10 feet inside the house and that De Leon and a half-dozen of his workers had been trapped overnight on the second floor with only a couple bottles of water. They had to feel around the kitchen floor with their feet to find something to eat — a package of spaghetti and some cans of food.

Two days later, Childers and several of his friends arrived on kayaks with supplies and food from Jollibee's.

ABOVE: AT THE DAGUPON CITY EVACUATION CENTER, Carl Balita leads the volunteer efforts.

The clean-up continued for weeks.

"We had to clean, wash, repair all salvageable items," said De Leon.

Meralco, who supplies electric power to Pasig City and the surrounding area of Manila, was forced to implement timed black outs while they repaired damaged lines.

When the power finally came back, De Leon's two washing machines ran non-stop. Most of the furniture was destroyed and had to be thrown away. The floors stayed wet for 10 days.

Blackouts left me stranded at the De Leon's home for several nights.

Two weeks later, Typhoon Parma hit the northern part of Luzon, where many of my aunts, uncles, cousins and friends still reside. The damage from the Category 4 hurricane was more severe than Typhoon Ketsana. Crops were damaged. Bridges were washed away.

Friends warned me not to visit the area. The roads were impassable. After the rain stopped, however, I went to see the damage. People had lost their homes and had to be evacuated and relocated. Flood damage amounted to more than \$417 million. The death toll reached 465.

The visit had a profound influence on me. My life will not be the same. In June, I will be moving back to Dagupan City, where I will continue to pursue my photography, documenting daily life in the Philippines.

E-mail: Dennis Chan at [dachan02@gmail.com](mailto:dachan02@gmail.com)





(OPPOSITE, TOP) AMY, RIGHT, AND MARILOU WASH their family's clothing and linens in the yard.

(OPPOSITE, BOTTOM LEFT) SEVEN DAYS AFTER Typhoon Ondoy, residents start the rebuilding process.

(OPPOSITE, BOTTOM RIGHT) BOOKS ARE STACKED TO dry in the garage after the floodwaters subside.

(TOP LEFT) AFTER THE FLOOD, THE HOUSE IS STILL damp from the constant tramp of wet feet.

(TOP RIGHT) A BOY IN THE EVACUATION CENTER HOLDS on to his ticket and bowl while waiting for food.

(ABOVE) AN ELDERLY WOMAN LIES ON THE FLOOR AT the evacuation center after Typhoon Pepeng.



O.J. SIMPSON IS  
incarcerated in the Lovelock  
Correctional Center in  
Nevada. He'll be eligible for  
parole when he's 70.

# O.J. LOCKED DOWN IN LOVELOCK

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANICA SOLIS

By HANS MEYER

East of Reno, the vastness of the Nevada desert is divided by a thin strip of highway that runs all the way to Teaneck, New Jersey. Sand and dirt drift across the road as civilization disappears in the rearview mirror.

Rocky hills frame the horizon. A hot spring shoots steam into the cloudless, afternoon sky. Old factories, abandoned pick-up trucks, and half-finished buildings litter the landscape.

Gas stations, which double as casinos, are a principle feature out here. Places like, Two Stiffs Selling Gas, Crofoot Dan, PJ's Food & Gas, and Jim's Service.

Train tracks flank I-80 as you enter Lovelock. A white-steepled Mormon Church reflects the town's conservative values.

The motels — their faded vacancy signs flickering on and off — look neglected. A clerk at the Cadillac Inn notes the summers are hot and the winters cold at this elevation of nearly 4,000 feet. With a population of 2,000, Lovelock lies along the Humboldt River.

At random intervals throughout the pitch black night a freight train barrels down the tracks blowing its horn, shaking the Cadillac Inn motel. There are few signs of life in this lonely, desolate setting.

A few miles northeast of town, the Lovelock Correctional Center houses 1,700 inmates who are serving time for crimes ranging from murder and rape to minor drug charges and grand theft auto.

The prison can be seen clearly from the highway. Its four gun towers are as prominent as the shiny barbed-wire fence that surrounds it. The rest of the prison is camouflaged in desert tones.

A small road leads to the prison from the highway. A large yellow sign, pock-marked with bullet holes, declares the area "open range." Correctional officers use it for target practice. Broken glass and other debris litter the ground.

Lovelock Correctional Center is dwarfed by the Humboldt Mountains, the only visual relief for prisoners.

O.J. Simpson — City College's former football superstar and most famous alumnus — has been sentenced to 33 years here.

In Lovelock, Simpson is not a superstar. The former NFL great was found guilty in October 2008 on 13 charges including kidnapping, robbery, conspiracy, burglary with a firearm, use of a deadly weapon, and assault with a deadly weapon.

His reputation was forever transformed during the controversial "Trial of the Century," when he was acquitted for the double murder of his ex-wife, Nicole Brown, and her friend Ron Goldman in 1995.

A wrongful death civil trial followed in which he was ordered to pay \$33.5 million in damages to the families of the deceased.

"He's pathetic," says a Lovelock McDonald's employee as she shakes grease from a basket of fries.

Down the road at the Sturgeon Casino, an elderly couple plays the slots as two big Samoans watch college basketball on a TV above the bar.

The dark-haired, pot-bellied bartender is serving more advice than beer.

"The town is famous for mining, and love locks for newly weds, and well... O.J.," he says, "I don't care as long as he's locked up."

A weathered man in a faded red baseball cap announces from a bar stool, "If 'the Juice' is on the loose, I've got my shotgun ready."

Another patron comments about the jail's importance to the town's economy. The prison is Pershing County's largest employer with 248 employees.

Lovelock is 300 miles northeast of San Francisco, where O.J. Simpson was born and raised. While his family lived in housing projects on Potrero Hill, he spent most of his free time at the Potrero Hill Recreational Center playing sports.

His mother, Eunice, was a hospital administrator, and his father, Jimmy Lee Simpson, worked as a chef and bank custodian. His parents separated in 1952.

Simpson had three siblings — a brother, Melvin Leon "Truman" Simpson, and two sisters, Shirley Simpson-Baker, and Carmelita Simpson-Durio. Both his parents and Carmelita are now deceased.

He travelled across town from his home on Mariposa Street to attend Galileo High School, where he played football for the Lions and excelled as a running back.

When he was 14, he spent a week at the San Francisco Youth Guidance Center for fighting.

Simpson attended City College of San Francisco from 1965-67, and lead the Rams as a running back.

While here, he ran for 2,445 yards and averaged 9.2 yards per carry. In one game he rushed for 304 yards and scored six touchdowns. He was named conference player of the year twice and set national junior college rushing records. At City College his rushing record stood for 27 years.

His spectacular play was complimented by his wholesome image. "O.J. was a good guy and a super athlete," said former teammate and current City College football coach George Rush.

He wasn't into drugs or alcohol. In fact, Simpson could be seen

drinking milk at parties, according to Kevin Divine, a former CCSF teammate.

In the spring of '67, he transferred to the University of Southern California and played for the Trojans, where he was given the nickname "The Juice." That summer, he married his 18-year-old high school sweetheart Marguerite L. Whitley. Within a year, the couple had their first child, Arnelle.

In his two seasons with the Trojans, he rushed for 3,424 yards, scored 6 touchdowns, and won the Heisman Trophy. He also competed in track at USC, and helped set a world record in the 440-yard relay.

Simpson was picked first overall in the 1969 NFL draft by the Buffalo Bills.

After his first season with the Bills, Marguerite and O.J. had their second child, Jason.

In 1973, Simpson was named the NFL's MVP. He played for the Bills from '69-77, before being traded to the 49ers, his hometown team.

His third child, Aaren, was born in '77, the same year he met Nicole Brown.

"I found myself pretty much living two lives. One with Marguerite, as an estranged husband and father of three, and the other with Nicole, my new love," he later wrote in "If I Did It, Here's How It Happened," a bizarre hypothetical account of his actions on the night of the murders.

Simpson finished last two seasons with the 49ers.

His record-breaking 10-year career included being selected All-Pro five times. He still holds the NFL record for most games (6) with 200-plus rushing yards.

With a career total of 11,236 rushing yards, 2,404 carries, and 61 touchdowns, he retired in 1979.

The same year, he divorced Marguerite, and his 1-year-old daughter Aaren drowned in the family's Brentwood swimming pool.

Simpson's football career made him a household name. In the '70s and '80s, he was a "pitchman" for Hertz rental cars and appeared in several commercials for the company.

His good looks and resonant voice led to other high profile media gigs. Four years after retiring, he landed a job as color commentator with Frank Gifford and Joe Namath on NBC's Monday Night Football.

Simpson also starred in TV and film. In the 1974 disaster blockbuster "The Towering Inferno," set in San Francisco, he plays a



TIME AND TIME AGAIN, O.J. SIMPSON HAS MADE HEADLINES.

security chief who rescues a deaf mother and her two children.

He also appeared in the hugely popular television miniseries "Roots," a 1977 docudrama based on Alex Haley's novel about slavery in America. The series won nine Emmy Awards, a Golden Globe and a Peabody Award.

After eight years together, Simpson and Nicole were married in February 1985 at their Brentwood house. Their daughter Sydney Brooke was born that October. Three years later, Nicole gave birth to Justin Ryan, while O.J. was filming "The Naked Gun" with Leslie Nielsen. He was already on his way to becoming a comic figure. In the 1988 cop movie spoof, he played accident-prone Detective Nordberg. "Naked Gun" spawned two sequels.

But on New Years Eve 1989, things turned serious. The L.A. Police Department responded to a call from Nicole. When they arrived, she ran from the bushes screaming, 'He's going to kill me... He's going to kill me.'

Simpson was charged with spousal abuse, sentenced to two years probation and ordered to attend battery counseling sessions.

It wasn't their first altercation, nor the first time the cops were called.

Nicole filed for divorce in early 1992 citing "abuse and adultery."

Their rocky relationship came to an end in October of the same year, when their divorce became final.

On June 12, 1994, Nicole Brown Simpson and her friend Ronald Goldman were brutally stabbed to death at her Brentwood home while the Simpson children slept upstairs. Nicole was nearly decapitated by fatal cuts to her throat, along with stab wounds to her neck, head, face and hands. Goldman suffered multiple stab wounds to his neck, chest, abdomen, thigh, face, and hands.

Simpson was subsequently arrested and charged with the murders. What followed was described as "the Trial of the Century"—a 133-day, racially charged, courtroom drama that embarrassed not only the LAPD but, some claim, the criminal justice system.

Simpson's erratic pre-trial behavior included a suicide note and a nationally-televisioned, slow-motion police chase through L.A. in which he held a gun to his head. The man driving the now infamous white Bronco was another CCSF alumnus—Simpson's close friend and former Rams teammate, Allen Cowlings.

The trial received unprecedented media coverage, and public scrutiny. Simpson's all-star legal team, whose bill totaled \$4 million dollars, argued he was a victim of police fraud and evidence tampering. Although DNA and foot print specialists placed Simpson at the scene of the crime, he was acquitted on Oct. 3, 1995.



PHOTO COURTESY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

O.J. SIMPSON DURING HIS DIVISION I football career with the USC Trojans.

The controversial acquittal resulted in racial tension. In the years that followed, Simpson was hounded by reporters.

After the trial, he said he would not rest until he found Nicole's murderer. But he was photographed playing golf regularly and was seen at night clubs and restaurants.

Corporate sponsors had long-since abandoned him. And the sports networks certainly weren't interested in him.

A 1995 Gallup poll showed 56 percent of Americans thought Simpson was guilty of murder; and a 2004 poll revealed 78 percent believed he was guilty.

Then, on February 4, 1997, the Goldman family had their way in court. A civil jury in Santa Monica found Simpson liable for "willfully and wrongfully causing the deaths of Nicole Brown and Ron Goldman."

He was ordered to pay \$33.5 million in damages to the Goldman family, which he has yet to pay.

In a 2004 interview with ABC's Katie Couric after the settlement, he said, "They seized assets of mine – mostly... furniture and art stuff... They sold the Heisman for a couple hundred thousand dollars."

When Couric asked if he ever planned to pay the rest of the money to the Goldman family, Simpson said, "Not if it's up to me, no."

In 2006 with legal fees mounting, Simpson became involved in a bizarre book project. With the help of a ghost writer, he authored a "novel" entitled "If I Did It, Here's How It Happened," in which he gives a hypothetical account of his state of mind when the murders were committed.

Profits from the book were to be funneled into what the Federal Bankruptcy Court later ruled "a sham corporation only established to perpetrate fraud." The book was boycotted and caused protests outside bookstores.

A year later, a Florida bankruptcy court awarded Simpson's book rights to the Goldman family, which they re-released and branded a confession.

In Chapter 6, Simpson writes: "I reached under my seat for my knife..." He then details the altercation he had with Nicole Brown and Ronald Goldman.

"O.J.! Nicole hollered, leave him the fuck alone!"

"No, fuck you, I gave you everything you could ask for and you fucked it all up," he writes.

"She came at me like a banshee, all arms and legs flailing, and I ducked and she lost her balance and fell against the stoop. She fell hard on her right side. I could hear the back of her head hitting the

# { *The Heisman Trophy winner, a 63-year-old inmate with arthritic knees, spends his days sweeping floors.* }

ground - she lay there for a moment not moving.

"Nicole moaned regaining consciousness."

"Goldman was circling me, bobbing and weaving, and I didn't feel like laughing anymore. You think your tough, motherfucker?"

Simpson then says:

"Something went horribly wrong, and I know what happened but I can't tell you exactly how."

"I looked down and saw her on the ground curled up in the fetal position at the base of the stairs, not moving. Goldman was only a few feet away, slumped against the bars of the fence. Both he and Nicole were lying in giant pools of blood. I had never seen so much blood in my life."

In 2008, Simpson and three of his golf buddies entered a room at Palace Station Hotel in Las Vegas to confiscate memorabilia that Simpson claimed belonged to him. Two memorabilia collectors were robbed at gun point in a hotel room. During the confrontation, Simpson was caught on tape yelling, "Don't let nobody out of this room... Motherfucker! Think you can steal my shit and sell it?"

On October 3, 2008, 13 years to the day of his acquittal, he was found guilty on 13 charges including kidnapping, robbery, use of a deadly weapon, and assault with a deadly weapon. His defense lawyer, Yale Galanter, claimed the punishment was payback for the murder trial acquittal, and that he was sentenced unfairly due to his notoriety.

When contacted, Galanter declined to comment on the case or O.J. Simpson.

On Dec. 5, 2008, Simpson was sentenced to 33 years in the Lovelock Correctional Center. He will be eligible for parole in 2017, when he's 70.

Michael Condiff, a City College "Second Chance" student who served eight years for armed robbery in Lovelock, said there is a gun tower in every unit of the prison, where uniformed guards with sniper rifles and shotguns watch over inmates.

Simpson is a member of the prison's general population, which means he is free to mingle with other prisoners when outside his cell.

His day is interrupted by head counts and lockdowns. He reportedly works as a janitor in the jail's gym.

The former superstar athlete sleeps in a two-man cell. His belongings are kept in a yellow tub under his bunk. A 6-inch wide window runs five feet up the back wall of his new home.

His day starts at 6 a.m., when a prison guard announces "tiers open" over a loud speaker.

"One unit at time, 20-30 guys race-walk to be first at the chow hall for breakfast," Condiff says.

After breakfast, prisoners can use the library, the gym or the yard during specified times.

"In the yard," Condiffs explains, "inmates play softball, cards, soccer, and handball... Some do drug transactions, gamble, and fight."

At 10:30 p.m. the tiers close. After lockdown, Simpson sleeps in a unit of 84 cells surrounded by more than 160 other inmates.

"If you have to do time, do it at Lovelock," Condiff explains. He describes the prison as clean and well run, compared to places like San Quentin, where overcrowding and violence are big problems.

The Heisman Trophy winner, a 63-year-old inmate with arthritic knees, spends his days sweeping floors. His day-to-day routine is pretty much the same as the other 1,700 inmates serving time in Lovelock.

After appeals by his attorney to overturn his felony convictions, the Nevada Supreme Court will hear oral arguments beginning on June 11.

In the meantime, the New York Post reported in April that Simpson is "bored out of his mind."

Condiff says boredom is part of prison life. Simpson's fame won't change that.

"Celebrity has a short shelf life in prison," he says. "Eventually, the rest of the inmate population will accept or reject him based on who he is day-to-day... Who he's been or what he's done won't matter to the guy who's sharing that 12-by-10 cell."

"In that respect, he's probably living more of a normal life than he has in 40 years. He's not 'the Juice' anymore – he's a guy in prison, looking out at the rest of the world and wondering if he'll ever be a part of it again."

E-mail Hans Meyer at  
[hans\\_meyer86@hotmail.com](mailto:hans_meyer86@hotmail.com)



PHOTO COURTESY OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

**SIMPSON IS TRANSFERRED TO THE**  
Clark County Detention Center in Las  
Vegas on September 16, 2007.

# MISSING JULIAN

## A MOTHER'S SEARCH FOR HER SON

By CANDACE HANSEN

More than seven years have passed since my 19-year-old son Julian disappeared. He marched off after arguing with his dad and me down along the docks in Sausalito. He had just lost his job. He wanted money. He was angry that we wouldn't give him any.

He was wearing a thin blue T-shirt, jeans, and an old pair of tennis shoes. No socks. His worn-out backpack was empty.

The last image I have of my blond-haired, blue-eyed son was the shadow of his lanky frame as he rounded the corner heading in the direction of Mollie Stone's grocery store.

And then he was gone.

Even though Julian's mental health had preoccupied us for two years, we thought he'd sulk a while, like he'd done before, and be back for dinner.

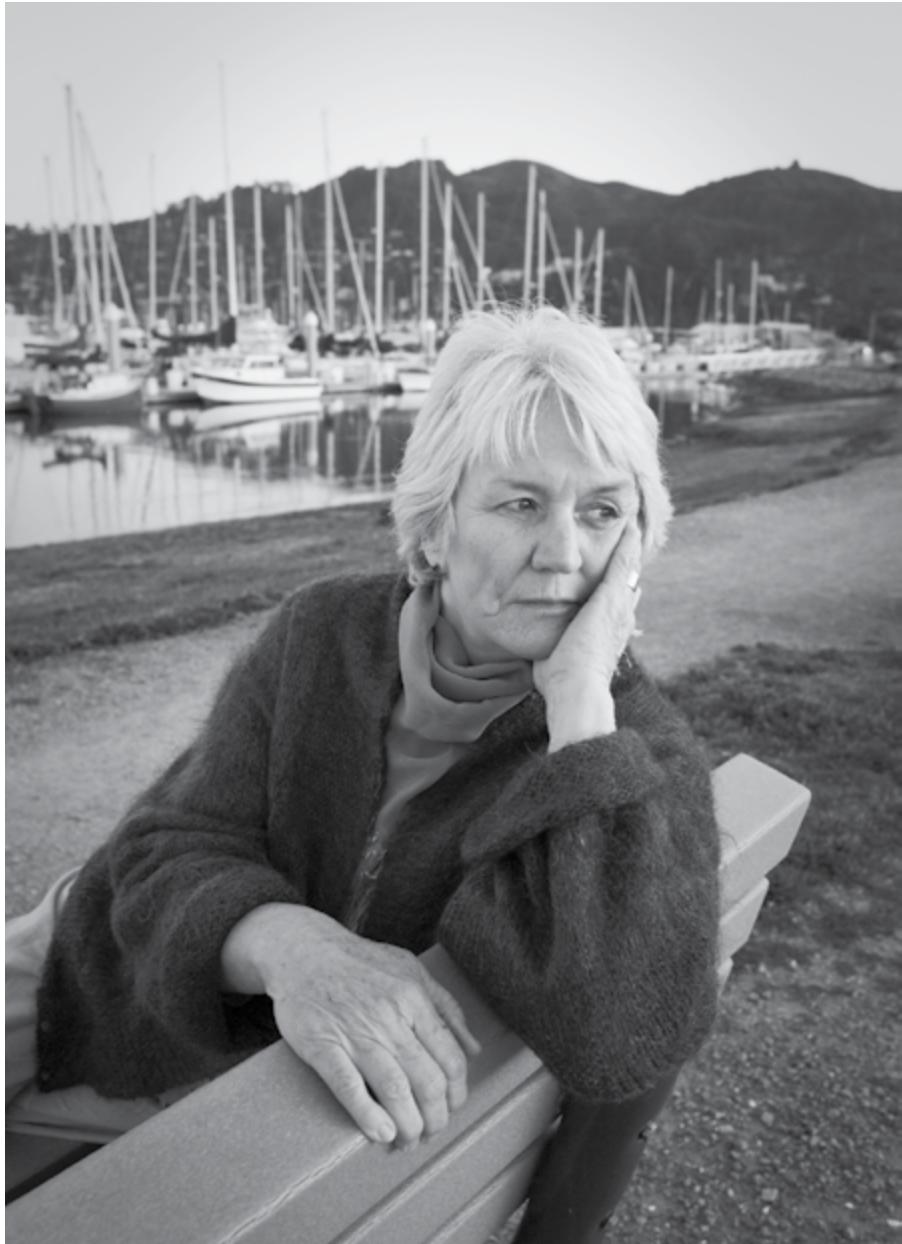
In retrospect, however, a sense of foreboding consumed me as dusk gave way to the unimaginable dark days ahead.

We reported Julian missing to the Sausalito Police Department three days after last seeing him. Back in 2002, the prevailing attitude was to wait 72 hours before filing a Missing Persons report.

Our son had now joined the ranks of what the U.S. Justice Department calls the "silent disaster." At the same time, his father and I, his older brother Yuri, his younger sister Coral, and his best friend, Brian also became victims of this disaster. So did his extended family and friends.

"If you ask most Americans about a mass disaster, they're likely to think of the 9/11 attacks on the World Trade Center, Hurricane Katrina, or the Southeast Asian tsunami," says Nancy Ritter, of the National Institute of Justice.

"Very few people — including law



PHOTOGRAPH BY YONI KLEIN

CANDACE HANSEN GAZES TOWARD THE DOCK IN SAUSALITO WHERE she last saw her son Julian.

enforcement officials—would think of the number of missing persons and unidentified remains in our nation as a crisis. It is, however, what experts call ‘a mass disaster over time.’

“Families of missing persons,” Ritter says, “face tremendous emotional turmoil when they are unable to learn about the fates of their loved ones.”

Although the statistics vary, they are staggering. They number into the hundreds of thousands, according to the National Center for Missing Adults and Children.

In 2009, there were 105,000 missing children and 35,000 missing adults reported in California alone, according to the state Attorney General’s office.

Nationally, the picture is even worse. In 2006, the U.S. Department of Justice reported 836,131 missing persons.

The year Julian disappeared, the National Crime Information Center received 1,658,591 missing person reports.

Two thousand, seven hundred and sixty-five days later, and counting, I’m still haunted by what became of my once promising young son — a boy not yet a man.

Overnight, my dreams for him turned into nightmares and then mutated into a war as real as any. Everyday became a walk through a battlefield of the subconscious where I fought for the survival of my own sanity. It would be years before I’d find my way back home.

I was trapped in what I began to refer to as the “Chamber of the Unknown.” It is where the battlefield of my war resides.

Was he murdered? Is he still alive and being held against his will? Did he take his last breath thinking his older brother might rescue him in his eleventh hour? Did he beg to be released so he could scoop up his little sister and hug her like he’d done everyday of her life? Could he have walked into the Pacific, unnoticed by a sleeping city on a moonless night? Did he cry out for me in his final moments?

Julian was a happy baby and child. His grandmother said we loved him too much, but he was so easy to love. We called him our “angel boy.”

During his primary school years Julian’s teachers always commented about his compassion for others. He rooted for the underdog, befriended the shy. He was a kind soul.

Julian was shy too, but enjoyed acting. The last role he played was Edmund in a local production of “The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe” just before graduating 8th grade. He loved the stage and the camaraderie of the actors.

He was academically gifted, receiving highest honors in Math during his first year in high school. He travelled to Spain for a month with his Spanish class in the summer of 1999. He was a member of the debate team for a year.

He never finished 10th grade. He said high school was wasting his time. He took the California High School Proficiency Exam and passed.

It was around then that we noticed something was terribly wrong with Julian.

He became depressed and withdrawn. We suspected he was using drugs. We soon discovered that he was experimenting with just about everything – from marijuana to methamphetamine.

The next two years were filled with one terrifying event after another as Julian’s mental state became progressively worse.

I once found him in the shower writing on the walls with his blood. He had cut himself and seemed oblivious to what he was doing. I took him to the ER.

Soon after getting his driver’s license he was pulled over for driving in excess of 80 mph in opposing lanes of traffic to pass vehicles. The CHP called. They wouldn’t let him drive, so I picked him up.

I kept picking him up.

I asked his best friend Brian to try once more to reach out to him. Brian said, “I don’t want to. The last time was terrible. It makes me so sad.”

## *Two thousand, seven hundred and sixty-five days later, and counting, I’m still haunted by what became of my once promising young son – a boy not yet a man.*

adult in the eyes of the law.”

Coral and I returned home to Nevada City. We waited and cried. We cried a lot. The idea of doing nothing went against every instinct. After all, Julian was without identification or money. The “do nothing” strategy would become one of our most haunting regrets.

As his mother, I knew he couldn’t survive out there long. It all happened so fast. The questions and the fears were relentless. The regrets never go away. There’s no remedy for this kind of suffering.

Thanksgiving came and went without Julian. He loved the holidays. He was the one who wanted to get the bird in the oven at dawn, waking us well before the sun came up. He would pull out Christmas ornaments in November just to play with them.

The weight of his absence hung in our house like death itself. As Christmas approached I began to find it more and more difficult to function and take care of my daughter. Coral was 12 when her brother disappeared. They were very close. He was her big brother, her everything.

Although 10 years older, Yuri was very close to his younger brother when they were growing up. Yuri had been living on his

own in San Francisco for many years. He thought Julian would come back.

We tried to celebrate the season as always. Except this time it would be just Coral and I. We did not have a TV in the house. I bought one. We stared at that TV together, curled up on the couch, our bodies intertwined, its blinking blue light illuminating our sad faces.

I decided to take her to visit friends in Oregon after Christmas. It would be good for the both of us to get out of the house, I thought.

When we returned home I sank into a deep depression. I began to cry and did not stop for almost two years. I could not work. I slept little.

Many times over the course of the next few years little Coral would put her spindly arms around me, and say, "He'll come home, I think he will, Mom." We remember that first Christmas without Julian as our season of sorrow.

Before my son's disappearance, I worked from home as a portrait photographer and was active in my community. Afterward, I was consumed with grief, and became obsessed with finding him.

The police said we should sit back and wait. I felt we'd already waited too long. More than two excruciating months had passed. Shortly after the holidays I realized no one was searching for Julian. Nor would anyone ever look for him.

When someone disappears, especially a teenager, it is often assumed that they'll come home. Eventually. There simply is no urgency.

For missing persons over the age of 18, the law is firm. Authorities may label them as "endangered missing" but a parent is prohibited from any kind of in-depth search into an individual's personal information, such as the use of a social security number, or emergency room treatment. It is a feeling of total helplessness.

Dealing with the network of law enforcement tests one's patience. For instance, after submitting Julian's dental records three times to the police at the request of the state attorney general, they were lost on each occasion.

I consulted two psychiatrists in Sausalito about Julian's depression and inexplicable behavior in the summer of 2000.

He reluctantly agreed to see one of the psychiatrists. After a few sessions the doctor recommended a psychological profile of Julian be performed. It was sent off to Johns Hopkins University for independent analysis. The results of the tests, he said, indicated that my son appeared to be suffering from paranoid schizophrenia.

"Julian exhibited classic symptoms," he said, "including delusions and auditory hallucinations."



PHOTOGRAPH BY YONI KLEIN

HANSEN'S 1-YEAR-OLD GRANDSON  
Henry, the child of Julian's older brother,  
is the source of hope in her life.

I was shocked. My intuition begged for another opinion. Schizophrenia, a long-term disorder that wouldn't go away, seemed so final.

We were seeking the opinion of another therapist when Julian slipped away.

Julian had been gone for only a few months when our friends began to disappear out of our lives, too.

"Relax. He'll come back," some said, "they always do."

"Isn't she being a bit dramatic. After all, teenagers do this kind of thing."

As the days turned into weeks and then months, many of these people started evaporating out of our lives, one by one.

I finally gave up on enlisting the help of others. In early January 2003 I mounted a posse of one and drove to San Francisco with a new batch of posters.

With my oldest son Yuri's help we designed fliers with photos of Julian, like the ones I'd seen on missing person websites. I tacked them up where ever I could.

I put them up in Nevada City, where Julian grew up, and every town along the way.

Often, I stapled them next to tattered posters of other missing children and teenagers. I was hopeful in the beginning that we'd find Julian –

that his poster would not be hanging on a telephone pole years down the road. He'd be different. We'd find him and bring him home.

Hope continued to prevail throughout that first year, even as seeds of doubt began sprouting. As the U.S. intensified the war in Iraq, my own war had begun to escalate. I was stepping on emotional land mines that would leave internal scarring to last a lifetime.

Not long before Julian disappeared he mentioned he knew some kids from high school who were living in Seattle and were into the environmental movement. So I drove north.

It was a frantic, mad hatters ride that would lead me up the Pacific Coast and almost to the Canadian border before it ended. It was a helter-skelter descent into madness, with imaginary monsters sitting shotgun, the car fueled by panic and fear. I shouldn't have been driving a car at all, but I drove, and drove, and drove.

I was groping for some clue that might miraculously lead me to Julian. Looking back, I was grasping at straws while marching deeper into my own war.

There were no miracles.

Within days of recording Julian as a missing person, photographs with specifics about the circumstances of his disappearance began to appear on hundreds of "missing persons" websites. Many created

by relatives of the missing. Most of the information was cut and pasted from the California Attorney General's website, or the National Center for Missing Adults and Children. I hate these sites. I know of no one who has been "found" by searching them. In my opinion they are repositories for the "living dead."

Julian appeared on the California Attorney General's website a few weeks after he disappeared. His photo sandwiched between thousands of others. Seeing him there for the first time made me realize that he might never be coming home.

It was shocking to see so many missing elderly people. They go for a walk and simply vanish. People from all walks of life are there — teachers, nurses, mothers, fathers, sons and daughters, students, and babies. Some have been there for decades. Where are all these people? Where are their bodies?

Most shops and stores were unwilling to hang a missing persons poster in their windows.

"Don't want that kind of poster in here, bad for business," they'd say. "Whatever happened to the milk carton campaign anyway?"

I submitted posters to runaway centers all along the West Coast. They kept big books with page after page of fliers of the missing submitted by out-of-their mind, hysterical mothers, fathers, siblings, grandparents, and friends. They wouldn't display them for fear of teens informing their missing comrades that their pictures were hanging on the walls like wanted posters. Besides there wasn't enough space to accommodate the numbers.

The street kids I tried to talk to were suspicious and secretive. "Go home old lady, your kid probably doesn't want to see you anyway," they mumbled under their breath.

Eventually I came to understand that I was either going to escape from the cavernous realm that housed my fears, and bolt the doors behind me as I fled its darkness, or I was going to die in there. So began my own life and death struggle to find my way home, and to survive.

Two years had elapsed. Coral was now 14.

Although a few friends had compassionately listened and cared for Coral and me during those first few years, I knew I had to talk to someone who had survived the disappearance of a loved one.

I found Leann Smith, a trained-volunteer with TeamHope.org, a federally funded organization that she says, "is less about the hope of finding a missing person, more about helping victims left behind to survive." The counseling is conducted on the telephone.



PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF CANDACE HANSEN

JULIAN IN HAPPIER TIMES. THIS PHOTO was taken shortly before his disappearance at the age of 19.

Sometimes, she'd listen to me for hours, free of charge.

Leann's sister, Gina, disappeared a few years before Julian. Leann was someone who understood. She helped me end my war. I didn't really want the war to end, because I'd have to leave Julian behind on the battlefield in the process. A good soldier doesn't do that, and especially not a mother-soldier.

In the end, I had to kill hope to survive. Faith sustains some. The tragic and terrifying nature of the loss sometimes proves overwhelming for others. For those of us who do survive, it's safe to say that our perspective of humanity is forever changed.

\* \* \*

Prominent abduction cases such as Jaycee Lee Dugard, who was missing for 18 years, and Elizabeth Smart, who was discovered nine months after her disappearance, fall into a rare category. With few exceptions, however, the longer someone is missing, the less likely they'll ever return.

Missing white females receive a disproportionate amount of media exposure. Most people would be hard pressed to name even one high profile missing adult male.

Coral is now 20. She's taking a break from her studies at CCSF and traveling to Europe this summer.

I've gone back to college myself. I got married. My husband, Jerry, helps me keep my feet on the ground.

Yuri got married, too. He and his wife, Kerry, had a baby last year. His name is Henry. I call my grandson "Henry the Great." I feed him peaches, he gives me the juice of life.

Julian's dad, William, still lives on his boat in Sausalito.

We all try to focus on how fortunate we were to have had Julian come through our lives. Lately, we have begun to talk about him out loud. He was an extraordinary human being, and like each of us, irreplaceable.

We think about Julian all the time, and miss him something terrible.

And we wonder. We wonder what happened to him, and we now wonder what happened to all the others, too.

We think of the dead, the half dead, and the other prisoners of this war. This silent disaster. They are out there somewhere, or what remains of them.

It is chilling to think there are those among us who know what happened to them.

E-mail Candace Hansen at [novariancehansen@sbcglobal.net](mailto:novariancehansen@sbcglobal.net)

# the struggle for Survival in Cuba

STORY AND  
PHOTOS BY YONI KLEIN

*Despite U.S. State Department restrictions on travel to Cuba, I arrived at the José Martí International Airport in Havana for a month-long stay in December.*

*While looking for photo story ideas, I met Cuba's aging rumba singer Ernesto "Gato" Gadell. After photographing him for two weeks, he suggested I stay with the widow of a famous rumba percussionist in Mantanzas. She invited me into her home and opened her heart to me. This is my portrait of her.*

As her TV set hums in the background, Dulce Garcia Galup slips into her nightgown. She prepares tea from herbs hanging in a blue plastic bag above the kitchen sink.

She carries her tea to a rocking chair in the corner of her bedroom, where she rocks her two-year-old grandson, R. Kelly, to sleep.

As his eyes close, she places him in a wooden crib next to her bed.

She picks up his toys — a rubber squeaky mouse and a few worn stuffed animals.

R. Kelly, named after his mother's favorite R&B singer, has just learned to walk.

Dulce tearfully recalls that her 25-year-old daughter never had a chance to hold her newborn son.

Dayanaicy died while giving birth to R. Kelly.

"She was the biggest thing I had in my life," her mother says.

After her daughter died, Dulce wanted to raise her grand child.

"I thank his father, because when we went to look for the child in the hospital, I got on my knees and said, 'by law he belongs to you, but give him to me and you won't regret it — I will make him into a good man.' "

She adopted R. Kelly soon after.

R. Kelly's father occasionally babysits and lives nearby.

Dulce is a 42-year-old widow. Her late husband, Jesus Alfonzo Miro, was a composer, percussionist and musical director for the Grammy Award-nominated rumba group Los Muñequitos. Jesus

died last June at the age of 60 from emphysema.

She lost Dayanaicy less than a year later.

"Life gave me a hard hit... It's a pain that never goes away."

Widowed and unemployed, Dulce gets subsidized housing and a monthly stipend of \$12 from the government. She has just enough money for necessities.

"We're struggling," she says. "But I have to keep living."

Dulce's large, empty house in the Barrio Marina in Matanzas, Cuba, is a hundred-year-old, dilapidated structure.

It has three rooms but she shares a single bedroom with her grandson. The other rooms are for storage and a rehearsal space for the remaining members of Los Muñequitos.

The concrete floor, low cardboard ceilings and peeling paint reveal Dulce's poverty. Yet, the room is filled with signs of life. Green leaves poke through wooden blinds. The sound of traffic drifts through glassless window frames.

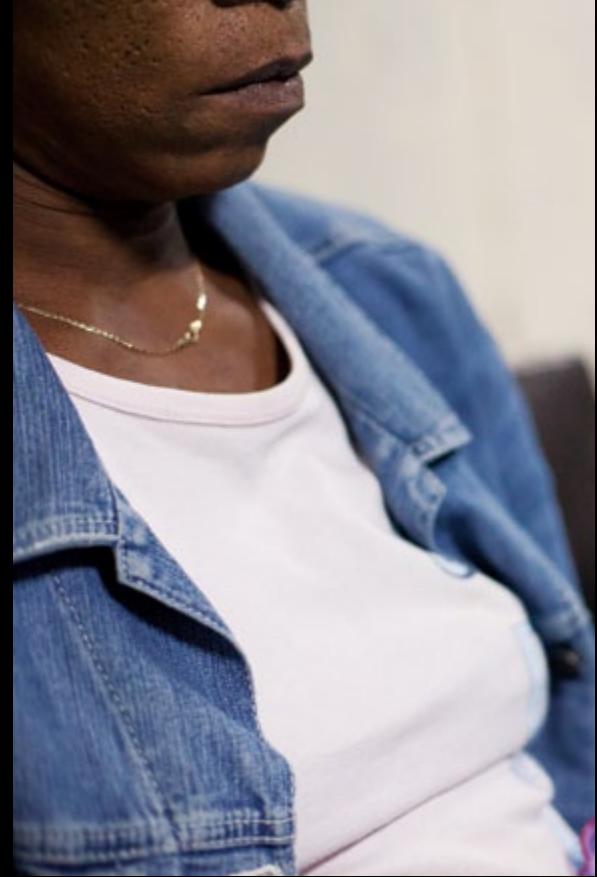
Dulce watches her favorite telenovelas as she undoes and re-braids her thick, black hair — a process that takes hours. Afterward, she climbs into the crib and sleeps beside her grandson.

After photographing Dulce for a week, I was touched by the hardship she has endured, and inspired by her selflessness and perseverance.

E-mail Yoni Klein at [yoniklein.com](mailto:yoniklein.com)



DULCE GARCIA  
Galup cradles her  
grandson, R Kelly  
in his crib.



(TOP LEFT) DULCE HELPS HER grandson put on his shoes in the main room of her dilapidated, hundred-year-old house.

(BOTTOM LEFT) DULCE GIVES R Kelly his daily bath in a tub in the kitchen. She takes comfort from this simple maternal routine.

(TOP CENTER) DULCE SINGS R Kelly a lullaby as he falls asleep in her arms on a late December evening.



(ABOVE) As DULCE PLAYFULLY tosses her grandson into the air, R Kelly screams with joy.

(TOP RIGHT) DULCE HOLDS A photograph of her daughter, Dayanaicy, taken shortly before her son, R Kelly was born.

(ABOVE) DULCE AND R KELLY stand outside their house in Matanzas, Cuba after returning from a visit to her aunt's house.

SAN FRANCISCO'S

# WALKING MAN



GRAHAM'S MAP,  
marked in red ,  
indicates all the  
streets he's walked.

PHOTOGRAPH BY SUSAN BOECKMANN

# AN OBSESSIVE STREET WALKER FINALLY REACHES HIS GOAL

BY MOLLY OLESON

Tom Graham's eyes were sharply focused. His back slightly hunched, his fists cupped like claws. His legs ready to go. He clutched a spiral-bound Barclay's San Francisco City and County map under his freckled left arm and power-walked toward Country Club Road, part of the San Francisco Golf Club.

Graham, 6-foot-5, was immediately stopped by a security guard. Technically, the road was private property.

"I pleaded with him to let me finish my walk," Graham says.

The guard didn't understand. So Graham explained:

This wasn't just any walk. This was a walk that's taken him more than 500 hours and over 1,800 miles. And this street wasn't just any street. This was the last street, the 2,603rd street in a city of 2,603 streets.

The guard got the picture. The culmination of a 7½-year quest to walk every street in San Francisco was on the line. He let Graham finish.

Long, quick strides to the end of the 500-yard, Monterey Cypress-lined road. A touch of the curb with a size-14 black leather New Balance sneaker. A 180-degree turn. Long, quick strides back to where the guard stood.

"He was watching me out of the corner of his eye, like 'This guy looks harmless, but a little deranged,'" Graham says.

Graham, also known as the "Walking Man," pulled a fluorescent yellow highlighter from his shirt pocket and dragged it down Country Club Road on a map crawling with yellow lines.

And then, on March 13 -- his 62nd birthday -- he let out a sigh of relief.

From hugging the city's 25-mile rocky shoreline to zig-zagging across its southern boundary line, from climbing up and down its 43 official hills to darting in and out of its tucked-away alleys, Graham has taken enough strides to get him from here to Chicago.

The 6.2 mile-Mission Street, San Francisco's longest, 65-foot Reno Place, its shortest, 927-foot Mt. Davidson, its highest peak, and every inch of concrete, asphalt, sand and dirt in between have led him through over 100 colorful neighborhoods and dozens of unpredictable microclimates.

Between backtracking, off-roading and covering streets not recorded on maps, he's logged close to 700 miles over the city's 1,156.8 miles of streets.

"A lot of people think this walk is completely nuts," Graham says.

His wife of 16½ years, Kim Gagnon, is one of them. She says her husband "walks like a man on a mission," and can go without eating, drinking and sleeping.

"I admire that he's doing it and finds so much pleasure in it," Gagnon says, two months before her husband finished his quest. "But he is a little wacko in how he does it."

Graham went through six pairs of sneakers, dozens of podiatrist appointments, and a complicated foot surgery. But he came out of it with humor intact.

"The only thing I think it takes is a map and a red felt pen, a pair of walking shoes and a slightly disturbed mind," he says of his accomplishment.

Graham, a part-time City College journalism instructor and adviser of Etc. Magazine, sits in his overly organized office on the Mission campus, surrounded by framed issues of the campus magazine. Fresh off the streets before teaching, he's in his walking attire -- faded blue jeans, a navy blue thermal shirt and a khaki-colored North Face cap.

He has a scruffy gray beard mixed with auburn streaks that glimmer in the light. His hand rests next to a row of pens and pencils in perfect alignment and a neat stack of books such as "Wanderlust: A History of Walking," "Literary Hills of San Francisco," "San Francisco-A Natural History," and "Mark Twain's San Francisco."

Covering every street (including those on Alcatraz, Angel, Treasure and Yerba Buena islands) of what experts call the 47-square-mile, second hilliest city in the world (behind La Paz, Bolivia) may seem like a romantic notion to some. To others, it is a daunting task.

"The concept of it is extremely mind-blowing," says Ron Miguel, 78, president of the city's Planning Commission, who travels to various blocks to survey streets after architects propose building projects. As someone familiar with the city, he admires someone dedicated to walking it.

"I think what he's done is just fantastic," Miguel says.

Graham acknowledges that anyone can walk every street, but "When I first started, I thought it was a pretty original idea," he says. "I thought, 'Nobody else in their right mind would do this.'"

Perhaps that's why he's only the second person on record to do it, after Larry Burgeheimer. Burgeheimer, 71, began walking the streets of San Francisco in 1967, during the Summer of Love. Like Graham, he had a close relationship to his map.

"In case I ever lost my map or it got wet, I had a bigger version of it on my wall," Burgeheimer says. After every walk for five years,

*'The only thing it takes is a map and a red felt pen, a pair of walking shoes and a slightly disturbed mind.'*

he copied his progress onto the wall map. "I would be completely up to date."

Graham's street walking started in October 2002. Two things tempted him, and before long, he couldn't quit.

One was a desire to get in shape for a Mount Whitney climb he was planning. At the time, he was working as a feature copy editor at the San Francisco Chronicle and commuting on the Larkspur ferry from his home in Petaluma. He began fast-walking from the Ferry Building to his 5th and Mission office.

The other was a curiosity about unfamiliar parts of the city. As the 8:30 a.m. ferry approached the city's pier each morning, Graham, a fifth-generation San Franciscan, scanned the skyline.

"I thought, wow, there's a lot I haven't explored," he says.

So he began exploring. Arriving up to three hours before his job started, he walked different routes to work. Before long, he was driving to the city in his Toyota Corolla to save time getting to the point where he had left off the previous day.

When he got to the Chronicle, glistening in sweat, he would pull out his folding paper city map and record his progress.

"I started walking and mapping," Graham says. "One thing led to another, and it just grew from there."

A co-worker noticed his routine and the word spread.

"The editor of the Pink section, Joe Brown, came over with a Chesire cat grin," Graham says. Brown gave Graham the nickname "Walking Man," after the James Taylor song, and asked him to write a series about the walks.

Over the course of four years, beginning when he started walking the streets to when he left the newspaper in 2006, Graham's feature articles appeared occasionally in the Sunday paper. Topics ranged from walking the 30-mile perimeter of the city and the perimeter of the 1906 earthquake and fire to his favorite cross-town walks, family history, discoveries and reflections.

"When I first wrote about my goal of walking the labyrinth of streets in San Francisco, a Chronicle reader predicted that I'd get mugged at least 11 times, accidentally step on a passed-out homeless person 17 times and have the smell of human urine constantly filling my nostrils," Graham wrote in a December 2005 article. "By the time you're 50 percent finished with walking the streets in the city," he told him, "you'll wonder why anyone would call this a beautiful place to live."

The prediction was way off.

"The walk only enhanced my deep feeling for the city," Graham says.

San Francisco is a city rich with Graham's family history. Escaping the potato famine in County Sligo, Ireland, his great-great grandparents arrived by boat in the 1860s, in what used to be San Francisco's Yerba Buena Cove.

William Mitchell, his grandfather, was a diamond drill

contractor who tested the foundations of the Golden Gate and San Francisco-Oakland Bay bridges and helped build O'Shaughnessy dam of Yosemite National Park's Hetch Hetchy Reservoir, which became the source of San Francisco's drinking water.

Graham's father, James, managed the Civic Auditorium for 35 years. Graham met Elvis Presley, Judy Garland, Bing Crosby and other celebrities his father booked at the downtown venue.

San Francisco "was just a great place to grow up," he says.

Graham roamed the hills of the city when he was young but started walking more seriously at age 18. After getting lost overnight with some friends in the Sierra — causing a search party to be sent out — Graham says he fell in love with walking.

"I was hooked," he says.

Graham studied journalism at City College in the 1960s and was named editor of the Guardsman campus newspaper. He transferred to San Jose State for a degree in magazine journalism, and since then, has lived in the Sierra region and all over the Bay Area. Ten years ago, he settled in Petaluma with his wife and now

16-year-old daughter, Nellie. Graham has three other children ranging in age from 26 to 33, and his second grandchild was born in July.

His job at City College, which he's had for 22 years, and his passion for the city keep him coming back three to five times a week.

"You know how some people say, 'I left my heart in San Francisco?'" says Les Potapczyk, a hiking buddy of Graham's living in Niagara Falls. "Never mind that. Tom's soul is in San Francisco."

Graham's wife says her husband was nearly done with the downtown quadrant when she realized he was serious about walking every street. She would find him in his home office (named the "San Francisco" room), surrounded by city maps, rulers, highlighters and magnifying glasses.

"I remember being startled when he started filling in the map," Gagnon says.

His approach was simple and unassuming. He tackled sections of the city by walking back and forth along the length of parallel streets, and then covered all of the cross streets in the same fashion. He walked a dozen to six dozen blocks a few days a week, covering four to 10 miles at a time. He preferred walking in the mornings and evenings for "the softer tones, and the shadows cast by the rising or setting sun."

But the venture became a combination of intense mapping, meticulous and methodical walking and curious rituals.

Graham refused to mark a street officially done unless he had physically touched both ends of it.

"If it was a wall, I touched the wall," he says. "If it was a curb, I touched the curb."

He walked around cul de sacs, up staircases connecting street segments, and to the tips of highway on-ramps, cars racing by at high speeds. He scaled fences, snuck onto construction sites, and

wandered down dirt trails where asphalt ended.

He was told by a concession stand worker on the Presidio Golf Course that there were "no Levi's allowed," so continued his walk behind a hip-high hedge. He was escorted out of the Hunter's Point Naval Shipyard, the city's most toxic area, after security realized he wasn't "just there to see the artist's studios."

Graham once contacted a geology professor to ask what constituted a hill (his rule of thumb was anything from 100 to 1000 feet), and attempted to measure the elevation of every one with a GPS device. He frequently contacted the city's planning department to inquire about streets and requested a 40-page document listing the name and length of every one. He even begged Highway Patrol officers to let him walk across the Bay Bridge when it was closed for repair (to no avail.)

"He's totally compulsive about this thing," says Steve Leoudakis, a childhood friend who witnessed Graham's obsession on a walk with him to Twin Peaks. "Once he gets going, it's very hard for him to stop."

Graham dodged traffic, ignored walk signals and avoided crosswalks. He always walked alongside cars on street level, because it was easier on the feet than sidewalks. He was scolded by a cop near AT & T Park after being warned not to jaywalk.

"I thought I told you to get on the sidewalk," the cop said sternly.

Graham walked so fast he was only ever passed by two people: a tall, slender woman — the fastest walker he'd ever seen — and a guy in a motorized wheelchair. Getting passed hurt his pride, but "I had to let it go," he says.

His original 2001 Global Graphics "red map" was so tattered from being in the back right pocket of his jeans for 7 1/2 years that he spent the last nine months transcribing the tangle of red- felt-pen-marked streets to his current map: a 75-page frenzy of bright lines and color-coded Post-It arrows.

If he couldn't verify walking a street due to crease lines or fading on the map, he walked it again. His motto: "When in doubt, walk 'em all."

Walking them all meant never being disappointed. He loved the city's 18,000 Victorian houses, especially those painted in wild colors. "There's nothing more boring in San Francisco than a gray

house," he says. And the hills, by far and away his favorite spots, offered world-class views.

"On every walk there was a new discovery...something unexpected...something new to learn," Graham says. "It was the simple little pleasures that I wouldn't have enjoyed if I hadn't been walking."

One of his favorite discoveries was a blacksmith shop- a throwback to the 18th century- scattered among the alleys south of Market Street.

"That was a special moment," Graham says. "It was like you were really stepping back into the past."

Another was uncovering where San Francisco was founded in 1776, simply by walking in the Mission District and noticing a plaque at Camp Street and Albion.

"I felt kind of like a detective," Graham says, "unearthing a lot of the early natural and cultural history of San Francisco as I walked."

Graham walked almost every street solo. The only exceptions were the few times he invited friends or family.

"As a species, we become so distracted from what's important," Graham says. The project allowed him to turn his tendency of being easily distracted into an extreme focus on living life in the moment.

He received GPS devices, compasses, pedometers and handheld recorders as gifts over the years, but chose to carry nothing more than his map, highlighter and Swiss Army knife.

"People say, 'I don't even have time to think,'" Graham says. "Walking gives you that time."

Graham was never mugged, chased or attacked and never bitten by a dog. There were no close calls with traffic.

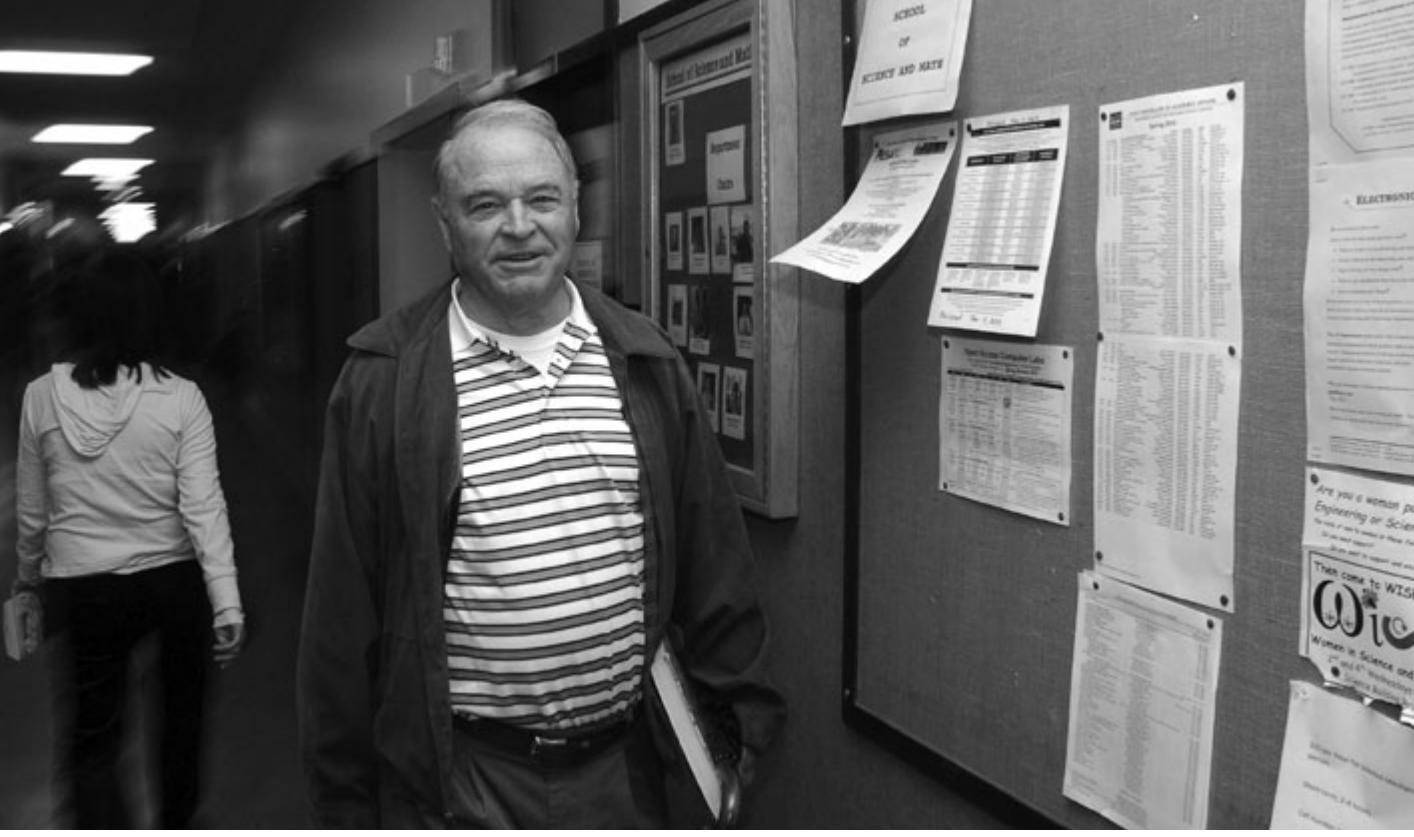
He was once threatened north of

*Continued on page 36*

## GRAHAM CROSSES CALIFORNIA STREET, UNCHARACTERISTICALLY USING THE CROSSWALK.



PHOTOGRAPH BY ZACH HUDSON



# A DEGREE ABOVE

## Students with advanced degrees flock to City College

By DON CADORA

Many successful people have gotten their start at community colleges, including celebrities like Tom Hanks, Sean Pean, Danny Glover, Halle Berry, George Lucas and Clint Eastwood. And then there's Sarah Palin -- let's not go there.

Success, obviously, is not measured by celebrity alone.

Community colleges have always served as a stepping stone to higher education and fulfilling careers.

But at City College, there appears to be a new trend -- a growing number of students who have already graduated from prestigious universities and have had substantial careers are enrolling in classes.

An outsider may assume community college students have little more than a high school diploma.

But according to the Office of Public Affairs, about a quarter of CCSF's 100,000 students have a bachelor's degree or higher.

It may be intimidating to know that the person sitting next to you in class could be a biologist, an attorney, a psychologist, a teacher or a rocket scientist.

Tatjana Loh received her B.A. in Biology and M.S. in Public Health & Nutrition from UCLA, but now studies French and Chinese at City College. Her father, originally from China, was a professor, who earned his master's degree in physics and a Ph.D. in mechanical engineering from Cal Tech in the 1950s.

Loh's mother, a pharmacist, grew up during World War II in Germany. The intensity of war

(ABOVE) JIM AMBROSE received his Doctorate in Chemistry from the University of Kansas.

(OPPOSITE LEFT) TATYANA Loh has a BA in Biology and a Master's in Public Health & Nutrition from UCLA.

(OPPOSITE RIGHT) MIKE McGarry attended Harvard, receiving a Bachelors degree in physics.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN STRANGE

was reflected in her attitude toward life and toward her children's education.

Poised and relaxed, Loh sits at the edge of a couch in the Blue Danube coffee shop on Clement Street. Chinese business signs and fruit stands are visible through the window. Loh's long black hair drapes over a thin black cardigan accented by a turquoise necklace.

Born in California, her father's science and teaching jobs took the family to Brazil and Egypt. Her childhood past-time was spent playing piano and studying dance in these exotic places.

"Egypt was like another world," she says. "It was poor and crowded. But when you went outside the sprawl you saw the Sphinx and the Pyramids. You were in a culture that was thousands of years old."

Trips to the Cairo Opera were interrupted by Israeli army air raids during the War of Attrition in the late '60s.

Loh's father pushed for straight A's and encouraged his children to study science. It may not have been her favorite subject, but, she said, "It didn't matter what I liked, I just did it." She later returned to her L.A., where she was born, to pursue higher education.

After researching Alzheimer's disease and HIV for 10 years, Loh

made a shift toward non-profit fundraising. The biotech field was rewarding, but laboratory work was not her style.

"No matter how altruistic something is, you have to find something that you like doing," she says.

She is now a fundraiser for the Women's Building, a non-profit organization that provides women and girls with the tools and resources they need to achieve full and equal participation in society.

Loh balances her spare time between family and her passion for photography. The two activities often merge. She was offered a show by a Shanghai gallery owner who liked the candid photos of her family, which she describes as "odd with a lot of character."

By studying the Chinese language at City College, Loh hopes to become fluent enough to converse with her relatives and Shanghai locals.

Many people would question why anyone with a Masters's would want to take a class at City College. Including her family.

"My parents thought I should go to the big schools," she says. "You would never go to City College. It would be a step down."

She doesn't look at it that way.

"When you go, you find the teachers are great," she says, "The



students are just as motivated as anywhere else."

When Byron Cook, a practicing lawyer in Kansas, was diagnosed with HIV in 1993, he moved to Palm Springs.

"I thought it would be a nice warm place to die," he says.

His future looked grim.

"The doctors told me to get my affairs in order," he said.

Cook planned on spending his remaining years in the desert -- surrounded by golf courses, swimming pools, and one of the largest gay communities in America.

As antiretroviral medications became available and effective, Cook realized he had more living to do and headed for the Bay Area.

"I put everything in storage, loaded the car, and drove to San Francisco... with no job, no place to live, and only \$3,000 in the bank," Cook says.

"Today that seems extremely foolhardy, but back then I had been given a new lease on life and was feeling seven feet tall and

an M.S. in Social Work from UC Davis, another master's in Criminology from Golden Gate University, and a Ph.D. in Clinical Psychology that he received at the age of 54 from UCSF.

After his extensive education, parole work, and time as a psychologist for the U.S. Department of Health and Human Services, Yerman retired last year.

Yerman is an athletic-looking man with thinning black wind-blown hair. Wearing a weatherproof hiking jacket and trail-friendly walking shoes, he appears ready for any kind of adventure. He even keeps his road bicycle in the back of his Subaru.

"I attended City College to re-invent myself," he says.

He was influenced by his son, Todd, who trained to be a paramedic at CCSF and is now a doctor in Vancouver.

"He told me a lot of stories about being a paramedic," Yerman says of his son. "He worked on twin-engine rescue helicopters for the Mount Whistler Ski Patrol. He definitely inspired me."

Yerman followed his son's lead and enrolled in the Health Care Technology Program here.

***'Don't underestimate this place. If you jump into something you've never studied before you're going to be pushed like you've been at other good schools.'***

bulletproof."

Cook had plenty of friends and knew the city well, having previously volunteered with the NAMES Project AIDS Quilt.,

The California Bar exam is one of the most difficult in the nation. But that is not the only reason Cook decided not to pursue his former career here.

"The \$1,500 test and \$2,000 review course made attending City College all the more attractive," he says. The courses here are just \$26 per unit.

Tracy Hinden, a friend and practicing attorney, urged him to become a paralegal.

"I'm not afraid to go back to school," Cook says. "In fact, in the late '80s I went back to pursue a Fine Arts degree."

But City College can be challenging even for the most ambitious students.

"Community college takes all comers," he says.

Besides students with advanced degrees, the student body includes drug addicts, ex-cons, and veterans with post-traumatic stress disorder.

Cook says he's adjusted to City's environment.

"I hardly even notice it any more," he says. The challenging academics, afterall, are what matter most.

Jay Yerman, a 62-year-old volunteer Emergency Medical Technician (EMT), thrives in the toughest of environments. He was a federal parole officer for 30 years.

Yerman has a B.S. in Sociology from San Jose State University,

"The program has been very worthwhile," he says.

Yerman believes that older people need to stay engaged. Continued education, he says, is one way to do that.

"It makes you more aware of what's going on in your surroundings," he says.

With his EMT training, Yerman volunteers in emergency rooms and cardiac labs.

As a volunteer for Medshare, he distributes donated medical supplies to global disaster areas.

"We helped during the recent earthquakes in Chile and Haiti," he says.

His schedule is booked solid, but he welcomes the challenge.

Mike McGarry is wearing shorts despite the cold wind on the Ocean Campus. He peers through thick round frames. A N.Y. Mets hat covers his black ponytail.

McGarry teaches math at Lick-Wilmerding High School in Ingleside. As a student at Newburgh Free Academy in NY, these same math classes were all too easy for him.

"I read novels in the back of my calculus class," he says.

McGarry's aptitude for math and science motivated him. He earned his B.S. in Physics at Harvard.

After seven years of teaching in upstate New York, he returned to Harvard. This time to their Divinity School for a Master's degree in Comparative Religion.

"It was amazingly diverse. I took courses on Islam, Judaism, and Celtic Paganism," he says. "I studied the tradition of Yoga as it



BYRON COOK EARNED A JURIS DOCTOR AT WASHBURN University School of Law in Topeka, Kansas.

JAY YERMAN HAS DIPLOMAS FROM SAN JOSE STATE, UC Davis, Golden Gate University, and UCSF.

played out in Hinduism and Buddhism. I learned about indigenous religions of Africa.”

In 1997 McGarry moved west.

“It was in a romantic relationship,” he says, “that I made the decision to move, with my then-lover, to San Francisco. I love this city and may stay here the rest of my life.”

He began attending City College four years.

“Here I was with an advanced degree but I didn’t speak a foreign language,” McGarry recalls. He decided to study the Chinese language. His choice wasn’t arbitrary.

“The ancient religions of China have always interested me,” he says. “Especially the philosophies of Confucianism and Taoism.”

“Don’t underestimate this place,” he says of City College.

McGarry has some words of wisdom for those with degrees from prestigious universities.

“If you jump into something you’ve never studied before you’re going to be pushed just like you’ve been at other good schools.”

Jim Ambrose, a 71-year-old Oakland native, wears a striped polo shirt and a brown suede jacket. The wide eyes peer through a face weathered by time and gravity.

Ambrose earned his Ph.D. in chemistry from the University of Kansas, but returned to his home state after graduation.

Now retired, Ambrose enjoys skiing, ice-skating and gardening.

Ambrose has taken most of the Astronomy and Earth Sciences courses at City College. He’s also taken courses in biotechnology, and points out that the school is one of the most successful 2-year colleges in the field.

Pointing, as if giving a lecture, he says, “A successful biotech company, Genentech, sends their people to teach at City College with the idea that they will recruit the most successful students.”

Ambrose worked for Hercules in Utah as a Propellant Chemist designing liquid fuels for rockets and missiles.

“I was designing propellants that would burn very fast but not explode,” he said. A children’s chemistry set and a good high school teacher sparked his interest in chemistry.

Ambrose initially enrolled in City College classes to enhance his later work as an inspector for the Public Health Department, where he measured biological and chemical contaminants for hospitals and biotech companies.

“The classes at City College are very equivalent to those in the other schools I attended,” Ambrose says. After taking 57 units at CCSF, Ambrose wants to share his knowledge. He’s considering teaching chemistry.

Students with advanced degrees take City College classes for career development, personal enrichment, or the desire to learn a new language. They come from some of the best schools in the country. And they say City College provides quality education equal to any of the universities they’ve attended. And at a fraction of the price.

City College costs an average of \$600 per year for residents and \$5,000 per year for non-residents.

With more than 100,000 students, City College boasts the highest enrollment of any community college in the country and is considered the second biggest college in the nation. It attracts great teachers with degrees from highly respected schools like UC Berkeley and Stanford.

The stereotype of the underachieving local high school grad fades as we see students with ivy-league degrees and executive backgrounds taking City College classes.

E-mail Don Cadora at [doncadora@gmail.com](mailto:doncadora@gmail.com)

# LIVING UNDER HOUSE ARREST

BY MELANIE ROBINSON

When I was wearing my ankle monitor, people looked at me like I was some kind of a criminal. But I'm not. Well, not really.

Just before Christmas last year, I surrendered to authorities at the San Jose Hall of Justice. I had been ordered by a Superior Court judge to serve 28 days in jail as part of a 180-day sentence for grand theft. My second felony.

I was taken by paddy wagon to Elmwood, the Santa Clara County jail in Milpitas.

I didn't have to pack for the trip. With 25 bucks tucked into my bra, I wore black leggings, my favorite black boots, a white V-neck T-shirt and an H&M sweatshirt. No jewelry. No phone. No purse or personal items.

I may have looked comfortable, but my stomach told me otherwise.

After the door to the sally-port slammed shut behind me, an officer led me by my cuffs swiftly through a receiving area. I didn't know where he was taking me. The deeper we walked into the jail, the more trouble I knew I was in. My heart beat fast. Not at the thought of what awaited me in the unit, but at the thought of being locked up. It's such a suffocating experience.

They assigned me a Person File Number: DWX-906. I was no longer Melanie Robinson.

"Boosting" had become an addiction. Like smoking, it was hard to shake.

On Nov. 17, 2007, my crime spree came to a screeching halt.

The loss prevention agents were onto me as soon as my boyfriend and I entered Macy's in San Jose.

When I attempted to leave the store with \$1,117 worth of clothes stuffed into my oversized brown leather bag, they rushed me from behind -- an older white guy, a black girl, and two Latinas.

They chased me as I ran from the store. My boyfriend ran too, and left me holding the bag.

I'm a 29-year-old full-time single mother. My eight-year-old

daughter, Simone Rene, and I live with my parents in East Oakland, where I grew up. My parents own their home and each of them drives a Chrysler. My dad is a junior high school teacher and my mom is a legal secretary. I have a 25-year-old brother in the U.S. Army Reserve. He's done one tour of duty in Iraq and leaves for his second deployment this fall.

I like girly things. I like to lie in bed and listen to my iPod. I have a tabby named Charlie and a Malamute named Juno. I like cooking, shopping, going to the movies, and painting my daughter's toenails. I own hundreds of paperback books and read about a half dozen each month. Although true-crime stories fascinate me, I'm not your usual suspect.

OK, grand theft wasn't my first offense. I was kicked out of St. Elizabeth High School in my junior year and arrested weeks before graduating from Fremont High.

After robbing a man at gunpoint in his house in Oakland I was charged with armed robbery and assault with a deadly weapon.

Taking the stage with my graduating class would have meant doing it shackled and chained. I chose not to.

They gave me a "strike" even though I was a juvenile, and sent me to Vision Quest, a camp for at-risk kids in Franklin, Pennsylvania. It was the dead of winter and the snow was deep in the Allegheny Mountains. The place was beautiful, but it was a huge culture shock.

I was released in August 1999, seven months before my second offense. Convicted of fraud and conspiracy for

using someone's license and credit card in San Joaquin County, I served a 180-day sentence at the county jail outside of Stockton and was placed on a five-year felony probation.

For 8 years, I stayed out of trouble. Until the Macy's incident. While fighting my case in court, I became concerned about the direction I was heading and felt compelled to find something



PHOTOGRAPHS BY SUSAN BOECKMANN

AN ANKLE MONITOR WAS STRAPPED TO  
Melanie's leg for 90 days.



MELANIE ROBINSON STANDS IN  
the entryway of her parents' home  
in East Oakland, where she lived  
under house arrest.



MELANIE LOOKING IN ON  
her daughter, Simone.



POINTING TO A PICTURE OF  
herself at a Vision Quest camp.



IN A FRENCH CLASS AT CITY  
College last year.

*{ I wore my ankle monitor proudly, never hiding it beneath pants or long skirts. People saw it and recognized it for what it was. Mostly, they steered clear of me and that suited me just fine. }*

meaningful in my life, I enrolled at City College last July. I'm studying journalism and hope to transfer to San Francisco State in the spring of 2012.

In August, I was finally sentenced to 180 days, and three years felony probation for what happened at Macy's. I was eligible for programs that would allow me to bypass spending all my time in jail. Out of a handful of programs, I chose house arrest. Even though it meant being monitored daily, it allowed me to go to school while serving my sentence.

A case manager strapped a GPS monitoring unit onto my right ankle in September. The plastic cuff fit snug. The electronic monitor, the size and weight of a cell phone, was cinched around my ankle and fastened by two plastic screws that had a habit of coming loose on their own. The monitor was waterproof, and did not hinder my daily activities. I could still jog, which helped relieve stress.

But my movements were limited and constantly monitored. Through Sprint and Google Earth, they were able to keep tabs on me. It was like being in a fish bowl.

I had to be inside my house by 2 in the afternoon, Monday through Friday. Although our 5-bedroom house is spacious, being confined indoors drove me crazy. However, my basement bedroom was better than being behind bars. I have a queen-sized bed, a 52-inch TV, a full bookcase and a computer.

With only four hours of free time a week, I spent Saturdays shopping at Target and Borders, going to the YMCA for my daughter's basketball games, and visiting friends at Starbucks. These were the only times I could escape for a little while. And then it was back inside, where my home was my jail.

My Santa Clara County probation officer promised to punish me for the slightest indiscretion. If the monitor wasn't charged

daily, the battery would die, resulting in a violation.

If I didn't call the San Francisco office daily to listen for my number on the recording to see if I had to report for a drug test, it was another violation, as was failing to pay the \$23 a day fee for the monitor. I used some of my financial aid from school to help pay for it, but my parents had to pick up the difference since I couldn't get a job. My mother told me I wouldn't get hired if a potential employer saw the monitor and thought I should be embarrassed to show my ankles.

But I wore my ankle monitor proudly, never hiding it beneath pants or long skirts. People saw it and recognized it for what it was. Mostly, they steered clear of me and that suited me just fine.

My father thought the monitor looked like a cell phone and often asked me if it hurt.

My curfew barely left me enough time to study French in the language lab or to do my homework in the library.

But being able to attend school was what made the ankle monitor bearable.

After my classes I took a nap until my 3rd grader got home from school. Then I turned my attention to her homework and basketball practice at the Y.

I sat among the other parents at Simone's practices and cheered loudly when she made a basket. I wondered if anyone would be offended if they knew I was serving time under house arrest.

It felt as though the world continued without me after 2 p.m. I stayed connected via Facebook, but my friends posted pictures of events that I was unable to attend. Not having a social life was hard. And dating was impractical since I had to be in the house in time for "One Life to Live."

I was inspired me to start a blog, called "The Joy of Freedom,"



RE-BRAIDING SIMONE'S  
hair after a bath.



IN HER FEATURE WRITING CLASS  
on the Mission Campus.



PLAYING CELLO IN HER  
parents' living room.

about the challenge of trying to find a job, meet friends, date and some of the crazy things my daughter would say.

Simone grabbed hold of my ankle monitor one night when and tried to pull it off. She asked what it was, so I told her that it's what happens when you are disobedient.

On December 2, I had the ankle monitor removed because I could no longer afford the fee. Instantly, I felt a lightness in my step. An indentation on my shin marked where the cuff had been resting for the past 90 days.

When I went to court the judge modified my sentence. He allowed me to start the spring semester without missing a beat. I was told to report back three days before Christmas, at which point I'd serve 28 days in the county jail.

As the paddy wagon pulled up to Elmwood, I filed out with three other women. We changed into forest green scrubs and gold jail tops, and walked in the rain to the women's housing unit.

I was confined to a maximum security unit where I spent most of my time on a bunk bed on the bottom tier of a two-tier dorm. Lock down was at 10 p.m. every night. Lights out at 11.

The food was awful. The menu stayed the same, week after week. I traded my meals for items like salads, hard boiled eggs and peanut butter and jelly. I drank only water and coffee.

I made friends easily. Three of us managed to get our beds switched so we could stay up late -- drinking coffee and joking around. I read so much that my cellmates threatened to take my glasses and hide my books.

Mail was only picked up on Tuesdays and Thursdays. I posted the wrong PFN on my blog, so when I got out there was a stack of unopened mail waiting for me. Friends had sent letters telling me to stay strong and stay out of trouble. And I got letters from my daughter, telling me how much she missed me.

I was in jail on Christmas day, but it didn't feel like Christmas. I wasn't allowed to go outside, and there was no tree. I called my daughter to wish her a Merry Christmas, but she hadn't been told where I was, so it was awkward.

On New Years' Eve I was "down-classed" to the minimum

security dorm, where I finished the remainder of my sentence. I could come and go as I pleased. The yard was open and we had access to the library and computer classes. The yard was half the size of an average schoolyard, with basketball hoops, metal picnic tables, a pull-up bar and weight bench. Beautiful roses lined the yard, but if you got caught picking them it was an infraction.

As the days began to wind down toward my release date, I got antsy. I couldn't wait to go home. The deputy came into my dorm at 11:45 p.m. on Saturday January 16th, and called my name for a midnight release. As I was led out, my friends jumped off their bunks to wish me well, even though it was past lights out. One girl even came to the door and asked the deputy if she could hug me. He was irritated and locked me in a holding cell because I was causing too much commotion.

Getting released was a relief. The 28 days had gone by fast. I lost 15 pounds and my hair grew out.

Jail was a humbling experience. It made me realize how much I take for granted. I do not like being told what to do, but I learned to bite my tongue and go with the flow. A little bit of tolerance and self-control can take you a long way.

On the 29th, my sentence was modified to serve weekends.

To date, I've spent 10 weekends at Elmwood, where I report on Fridays at 6 p.m. and get released on Sundays at 6 p.m.

I will have completed my sentence by the end of summer. But my formal probation won't be up until July 13, 2013.

When I look back over my life and the choices I've made, I have few regrets. Going through all of the trouble with the ankle monitor program taught me a huge lesson in patience, which I was lacking. It helped me gain back people's trust.

I feel like I have scaled a really big mountain. I got a full-time waitressing job downtown through Jobs Now, and life is good.

I don't have to worry about getting in trouble because I have the tools to help me succeed: support from my friends and family, a job and an education.

E-mail Melanie Robinson at [shesmdot@gmail.com](mailto:shesmdot@gmail.com)

# OLLIE MATSON



## CITY'S FORGOTTEN HERO

PHOTO COURTESY OF USF ATHLETICS

By DAN BENBOW

The 1972 NFL Hall of Fame parade winds along its two-mile route through Canton, Ohio. Ollie Matson sits in the backseat of a convertible while his 10-year-old daughter, Barbara, watches with her mother and three siblings from further back in the procession.

Thousands gather along the parade route, shouting his name and waving.

At breakfast the next morning, Barbara asks, "You mean they got a parade just for you, daddy?"

By the time he retired from the NFL in 1966, the Washington High, City College and USF football legend had played in six pro bowls and amassed 12,844 yards, the second highest total yardage

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OLLIE MATSON, WHO PLAYED FOR USF FROM 1949-51, looks for open field during a Dons football game.

in NFL history behind Jim Brown. Matson also set a record for kickoff return touchdowns that stood until 2009.

Unlike today's players, Matson played offense, defense, and on special teams.

He nearly broke the Division I-A record in touchdowns and yardage, and led the country in points scored. He was also an All-American defensive back.

"I've got to believe that he was the best overall college football player who ever played the game," says his former USF teammate Ralph Thomas. "He never left the field...had a 40-inch vertical leap, a 9.7-100 (yard dash), and tackled like a linebacker."

When Matson's kids were little, they didn't know about their father's accomplishments because he rarely mentioned football.

"He wasn't the type of person who talked about himself or what he'd done," says Barbara, a 48-year-old office manager living in Atlanta. "A lot of things about him I found out later in life."



His kids look back with pride at his 14-year, record-breaking NFL career — a career he may no longer remember. At the age of 80, Matson has been diagnosed with Alzheimer's disease.

He's one of 5.3 million Americans living with Alzheimer's. "It's a progressive and fatal brain disease that destroys brain cells, causing memory loss," according to the Alzheimer's Association.

These days, his story is told by close friends, and recorded in books and magazines.

According to friends and family, he can't articulate his thoughts verbally, but he still understands what is said to him. His feelings are evident in his facial expressions.

Walt Jourdan, who has known Matson since the two played football together at City College in 1948, recalled a meeting between Ollie and his former Ram teammate Burl Toler last year, not long before Toler died. Sixty years of friendship, mutual respect, and shared experience bound them together as they sat silently, holding hands.

Toler, Jourdan, and Matson were part of the "City College Seven," a group of ambitious African-Americans who forged a tight bond on and off the football field.

"Most of us were born in the South or our parents came from the South," said Jourdan. Coming to California was about becoming somebody.

Among those in search of a better life was Gertrude Matson, Ollie's mother. The Houston elementary school teacher and single mom gave birth to twins in 1930 during the Depression in Trinity, Texas.

Jim Crow was the law of the land when Matson grew up. Schools, libraries, water fountains and public bathrooms were segregated. Interracial marriage was a felony. Poll taxes kept most blacks — and poor whites — away from the ballot box.

Because of the widespread discrimination in the South at the time, Gertrude moved Oliver ("Ollie") Genoa Matson II and his twin sister Ocie to San Francisco's Western Addition in 1945.

As a teen, Matson was an extraordinary athlete. At Washington High, he was so fast in track that he was nicknamed "Mercury" Matson.

As a freshman at City College and Junior College All-American,

he led the Rams to a 12-0 record and broke the national junior college touchdown mark.

The success didn't go to his head.

"Ollie was one hell of a guy for all the notoriety he got," said his USF college teammate and fellow Hall-of-Famer Gino Marchetti.

While at City College, he was scouted by major universities. His mother persuaded him to attend the University of San Francisco for a Jesuit education close to home.

In his sophomore year at USF, Matson continued to excel on the gridiron, but his athletic prowess didn't insulate him from the bigotry of the times.

On a trip to Tulsa in 1949, Matson and Toler (who also transferred to USF) couldn't eat in the same restaurant or stay at the same hotel as their white teammates. Some Tulsa fans were openly hostile.

That weekend's game was an "ugly display of people," said USF teammate Ralph Thomas. "That's all you heard all night long — MFs, Fs, N words... The only thing that separated us was a chain link fence."

During his junior year at USF, Matson was the leading rusher nationwide until saddled with leg and knee injuries. But he came back stronger than ever in his senior year, as did the Dons. In 1951, USF powered its way to an undefeated season with an average 33-8 margin of victory.

With the future of the financially-strapped program hanging in the balance, a bowl game could have given USF football enough money to stay afloat, but it was not to be.

The Sun Bowl invited Pacific University, whom the Dons had beaten 47-14 that season.

The Orange Bowl Committee offered the Dons a berth, but only if they agreed to leave their two black players — Matson and Toler — behind.

"We didn't talk about it, we didn't vote on it, you never heard another word," said Gino Marchetti. "When we rejected it, it was 100 percent backed up by the club and the school."

USF's football program folded at the end of the season.

Six weeks after the Dons' final game, Matson was the third

overall pick by the Chicago Cardinals in the 1952 NFL draft. Before signing a contract, he completed his bachelor's degree in Education and tried out for the Olympics, though he hadn't run track competitively since his freshman year at City College.

"Experts said he couldn't run at that level after four years of beating [in college football], but he was extraordinarily determined," said Matson's USF teammate Bill Henneberry.

Before the Olympic trials in Lincoln, Nebraska, Henneberry gave Matson his sister's phone number at a convent there. When he returned to San Francisco after the trials he didn't mention the visit, but Henneberry later heard that Matson had cancelled a press conference to meet his sister.

During the 1952 summer Olympics in Helsinki, Matson won the bronze medal in the 400-meter sprint and silver medal in the 1,600-meter relay race.

Within a month of the closing ceremonies, Matson reported to training camp for the Chicago Cardinals. He got off to a quick start. In his first season of professional football he made All-Pro and shared Rookie of the Year honors with 49er Hugh McElhenny.

Just as Matson's football career got started, he was drafted into the Army. Although he missed the 1953 season while serving as an infantryman at Ford Ord on the Monterey Peninsula, he was able to return the following fall.

In 1954, Matson was again selected as an All-Pro. He stayed with the Cardinals until 1959, when he was traded to the Los Angeles

Rams for eight players and a first round draft pick. The New York Times called it "one of the biggest deals in National Football League history."

Despite the media accolades, the Matsons' arrival in California was less than welcoming. To conceal their race from white neighbors, Matson and his wife had to preview a house under cover of darkness. And, as Mary Matson told an L.A. Times reporter in 2002, "One black for nine whites? In those days? Lots of people in Los Angeles never got over that."

The Los Angeles duplex became their permanent home, though Ollie would have brief stints with the Detroit Lions (1963) and the Philadelphia Eagles (1964-1966).

In August of 1966, after 14 seasons, Matson announced his retirement from the NFL.

At 36, Matson still had a lot of living left to do. Some suggested that he capitalize on his celebrity status, but it wasn't in his nature.

"People wanted him to become an actor after he retired," Matson's daughter Lesa, 55, said, "but acting wasn't his thing. He said 'I lived out of a suitcase all those years... I don't want the limelight now.'"

Ollie Jr., 53, a high school teacher and football-basketball coach who lives in Baltimore, said his father wanted to be an NFL coach.

But his wish came "about 10 years too soon" — African-Americans were not allowed into the coaching ranks at the time.

"He lived life his way, on his terms, so he just accepted it," Ollie Jr. said. "My dad was a trailblazer. And that's the way it was for a lot of people during his time. They made things better for all of us and people coming afterward."

Though Matson wasn't able to break the racial barrier into pro coaching, he made a contribution to civil rights that helped his mother realize one of her dreams.

In 1963, Gertrude Matson decided to enter an African-American-sponsored float in the Rose Bowl Parade. According to Brad Pye, a friend involved with the planning, the parade committee "really didn't want us in."

When the entry deadline was missed, Ollie Matson stepped forward to guarantee the \$25,000 needed to resurrect the project. As a result, "Freedom Bursts Forth" ran in the Rose Bowl Parade on January 1, 1964, just as Lyndon Johnson began muscling the watershed Civil Rights Act through Congress.

Matson's sense of community was also repeatedly demonstrated by his lifelong interest in the well-being of America's youth.

He taught inner city kids how to run, throw, and maintain focus through Operation Champ, a program that provided a positive outlet to inner city kids in an age of social upheaval.

When Ollie Jr.'s Little League franchise couldn't afford umpires, Matson put up the necessary funds.

He refused to do beer commercials because he felt that alcohol endorsements sent the wrong message to children, and he made numerous appearances at Boys and Girls clubs in Fresno.

"A lot of athletes wouldn't go there unless the press was there," said Earl Watson, a long-time friend of Matson's who hosted the clubs. But "every time I asked him he went out of his way to help me.... It meant so much to the kids."

The same level of commitment carried over to his relationship with his own children.

"He led by example," Matson's son Bruce, 50, a Houston dentist, said. "He wasn't a big talker...if he told you something you could take it to the bank."

During Matson's time as a pro athlete, his wife Mary, known as "The General," raised the children. After retiring from the NFL, he joined forces with Mary to create a cohesive parental unit that enforced discipline.

The dishes weren't done until they were hand-dried and put away. Hats off in the house. Punctuality was a must.

"They complemented each other," Ollie Jr. said. "You couldn't play them off against each other. He was on top of everything. When he told you to be home at a certain time you better not be a minute late."

After spending a few years scouting for the Philadelphia Eagles,

*At the age of 80, Matson has been diagnosed with Alzheimer's. He's one of 5.3 million Americans living with the disease.*



PHOTO COURTESY OF USF ATHLETICS

**OLIE MATSON, LEFT, RIDES IN A PARADE CELEBRATING his medal-winning performance in the 1952 Olympics.**

Matson became a Physical Education teacher and football coach at Los Angeles High School in the late '60s. He followed in the footsteps of his mother, whose appreciation for education was passed on to his children, all of whom have college diplomas.

"My parents strongly believed in education," Bruce Matson said. "They sacrificed and sent us to private schools. Football or basketball alone won't bring you to the Promised Land."

After a few years at L.A. High, Matson was named the Assistant Football Coach at San Diego State in 1973. He became the first African-American to hold a coaching position at the university.

Matson coached for two seasons and in 1976 was inducted into the College Football Hall-of-Fame. He joined Jim Thorpe as one of only two athletes to win Olympic medals and gain entry into both the pro and college football halls of fame.

In 1977, he was hired as an events supervisor at the Los Angeles Coliseum, where he led tours and coordinated parking, ticketing and guest attendance at L.A. Raiders and UCLA Bruins games, and the 1984 Summer Olympics. He retired in February 1989.

Barbara King, Matson's youngest child, said her dad kept himself busy during retirement gardening, tending to his rental units, and doing charity events.

He woke up every weekday at 4:30 a.m. ("without an alarm") to run at the L.A. High track near his house. Saturday was golf. Sunday was barbecue. By 11 a.m., the chicken or ribs were hot and ready in the kitchen.

"When the sun went down he'd disappear... he wouldn't say good night. Everyone that knew him knew what was going on," King said.

Family was the most important part of Matson's life. During summers, Ollie and Mary Matson took care of their grandkids, and helped their children when they could.



PHOTO COURTESY OF KARYL THOMPSON

**OLIE MATSON AND HIS TWIN SISTER OCIE CELEBRATE their 79th birthday in 2009.**

"Everyone else came first," King related. "When they came to your house, you didn't have to worry about anything. They did everything."

They were always available for their children. "If you called in the morning, it would be him. If you called at night, it would be her. I don't care how busy they were, they would find a way to talk to you," said Barbara.

Those decades of unconditional love and support are now being repaid to Matson. For a time, he was cared for by his wife Mary, but she passed away in February 2007.

Currently Matson is under the care of his daughter Lesa, a nurse, who shares a home in L.A. with her father. Matson's other children fly in from around the country on rotating visits.

"He might tell you hi and bye," Ollie Jr. says of his father's declining condition. "That's all you get now..."

"Alzheimer's feels like a slow roll," he says. "He walks around the house, goes outside... We take him places once a week or so, but nothing too heavy."

Matson is not taking medication, and maintains a healthy blood pressure due to years of physical fitness and clean living.

"He's the most wonderful patient to be around," says Barbara. "He doesn't get agitated... He's happy. He smiles."

His sports accomplishments continue to inspire people.

"We're constantly bombarded with fan mail, still," says Lesa.

But Matson's most enduring legacy is the world of opportunities he opened for his four children, eight grandchildren and two great-grandchildren through a lifetime of hard work and sacrifice.

"He taught me, 'you can be anything you want to be,'" said Ollie Jr. "If you think you can, you can. Nobody stops you but you.' He said. 'Always look up so you can get up.'"

E-mail Dan Benbow at [benbosity@yahoo.com](mailto:benbosity@yahoo.com)

# INSTRUCTOR WALKS EVERY STREET IN SAN FRANCISCO

*Continued from page 23*

McLaren Park where he says, "the sense of danger was palpable."

Two young men drove alongside him down a steep hill and shot menacing looks his way. He ducked into an alley and got back to his car without incident, but with a racing heart.

"It's the things that go wrong that make an indelible print on your mind," he says. "If there aren't obstacles, you're not coming back with a story."

Graham's biggest obstacle was a snapped tendon in his right big toe in 2005. His podiatrist took one look at what had happened at 34th Avenue and Quintarria in the Sunset District and said, "Not good news for the Walking Man."

During surgery, a three-inch screw was inserted into his toe to keep it straight. He was off the streets for six months.

But it led him to a worldwide "support group" of street walkers. While laid up in bed, he found others just as obsessed with pounding the pavement of their cities. Francine Corcoran covered the streets of Minneapolis in three years, and Joseph Terwilliger walked Manhattan twice. Alan Waddell, 91, was encouraged by his cardiologist to keep walking the streets of 670-square-mile Sydney.

Graham's project came to a halt during summer as well. He spends them living in a tent at Camp Mather, San Francisco's family recreation camp on the border of Yosemite National Park, where he volunteers as a naturalist. His alter-ego is a wilderness walker determined to hike every trail in the vicinity.

Graham estimates he walks 350 to 400 miles a summer, some of which are covered on group hikes he leads.

"Some trails are marked on maps and some aren't," he says.

Likewise, there have been gray areas with his city map. While scrambling to finish the walk by his birthday ("My sense is that I'm very, very close"), Graham tried to locate Holland Alley between 4th and 5th streets on Howard. He found the monstrous Intercontinental San Francisco Hotel in its place. Looking up

and down the street in disbelief, he hoped he was on the wrong block.

Pulling out his map, he drew a line in pencil from Holland Alley to the margin of the page and reluctantly wrote, "doesn't exist anymore."

After all, as Miguel says, "We're eliminating some streets and creating some new ones."

Bruce Storrs, San Francisco City and County Surveyor and overseer of the city's official, annually updated map, sits in his map-adorned office next to an antique surveying instrument. He knows the difficulty involved in getting to some places within city limits.

"He's lucky there are no streets on the Farallon Islands," Storrs says.

If there were, Graham would find a way to walk them, even if it meant arriving by kayak.

"I can hear him now," his wife says. "'You won't believe this...I found a street I've never walked.'"

Graham admits the map-intense project is never-ending in a city constantly changing.

"My claim to have walked every street only holds true for a moment in time," he says.

Regardless, he has other projects in the works. He plans to visit the city's 250 historical landmarks and write a book about the hills of San Francisco - complete with topographical maps. In July, The Chronicle will publish his final "Walking Man" story, and he's working on turning the series into a book.

And he'll always walk.

"I'd like to be able to walk the length of the Tuolumne River," Graham says. "I think I'll keep walking until they throw dirt in my face. Until my feet fall off."

E-mail Molly Oleson at [moleson3@hotmail.com](mailto:moleson3@hotmail.com)

TOM GRAHAM STANDS ATOP NOE Peak after completing his 7-year, 1,200-mile street walk.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MOLLY OLESON

# JUMP ON BOARD FOR THE FALL

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PHOTOGRAPH BY ZACH HUDSON

A photograph showing the lower half of a person walking away from the camera on a grassy hillside. The person is wearing blue jeans, brown boots, and a pink long-sleeved shirt. In the background, a dense urban landscape of buildings is visible under a hazy sky.

**etc.**  
MAGAZINE

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